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73 MADISON AVE.

MEMPHIS.

"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Centinued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. O. Henry has been called a Democrat, a citizen of the world. The laboratory wherein he caught and dissected the hearts of men and women was in the alleys and honkatonks. He sought to interpret life in the raw, not in the superficial livery disguising it on the broadways. The underdog was his subject. But at heart he was an aristocrat. He had all the proud sonsitiveness of the typical Southern gentieman. He liked to mingle with the masses: he was not one of them. Gladly he threw in his lot with a pair of bandits and fugitives. It would have cut him to the soul to have been branded as one of them. For his haughty nature, the ramble from Mexico to San Diego, and up the coast to San Francisco was fraught with disagreeshie suspense. It was humiliating to "be on the dedge."

I will never forget the look of chagrin that spread over his face when I bumped against him and Frank just as the ferry boat was swinging into the slip.

"Sneak," I said. "They're here." citizen of the world. The laboratory

"Sneak," I said. "They're here." The chief of the Wells Pargo de-

tectives was on the hoat. He had brushed against my arm. Before he had opportunity to renew old acquaintance I sauntered over to Frank and Porter. Wells Fargo had many uncollected claims against me. I was not ready for the sattlement. Captain Dodge was probably unaware of my presence. We could not afford to take any chances. We stayed on the boat and it brought us back to Oakland.

Bill was a triffe upset. He invisted on staking us all to a drink, although he had to borrow the money from me to pay for the treat. Texas memed to be the only safe camping ground for us.

With about \$417 left from our capital of \$30,000, we landed in San Antonio, at life the continuous same of the continuous friend of mine and he took us out to his ranch. Fifty miles from the town it ran into low hills and valleys, prairies and timber. A finer strip of country, no pecler would ask. The cowman offered us range, cattle and horses for \$15,000.

It was a bargain. Frank and I decided to snap It up. Financial arrange.

\$15,000.

It was a bargain. Frank and I decided to snap it up. Financial arrangements, the cowman assured us, could be made with the bank in New Rochelle several hundred miles distant. In the safe there was at least \$15,000 and it could be easily removed. This was a straight tip.

safe there was at least \$15,000 and it could be easily removed. This was a straight tip.

It was a peculiar situation. Frank and I had both decided to quit the outlaw life. But we hadn't a cent and there was but one way to gather a quick will. The fine fervor of reformation had lest its early ardour. Necesaity completed the cooling process.

But we were a little worried about Porter. Whatever may have been his reasons for staying with us we were confident that Bill was not a lawbreaker.

The very thing that decided us to take him into our confidence was his pride. We knew he needed the money. We knew it humiliated him to borrow. I had given him many and various sums since our fight from Honduras. These were always accepted as loans. We didn't want Bill to be under an obligation to us. We wanted him to earn his interest in the ranch.

The square thing was to invite him to go into the banking venture with us. If you had seen Bill Porter's face then and the helpless surprise that scooled across it, you would believe as I do that he was never guilty of the theft which sent him for nearly four years of his life to the Ohlo penitentiary. He had neither recklessness nor the sangfroid of the lawbreaker.

Proposal to Buy Is Pleasing.

Proposal to Buy Is Pleasing. Proposal to Buy Is Pleasing.

Just about evening I went down to the corral. Porter was sitting there enjoying the quiet peace. He was rolling a corn shuck cigarette.

He looked happier and more at ease than at any time since the shooting of the don. I suppose I should have breached the subject mildly. The satisfying dreariness of this October night was not suggestive of crime or robbery. But the gentleness of the Madonna would not have lured Bill Porter into the scheme.

"Bill." I said "we're going to buy the ranch for His,000 and we want you to come in with us on the deal."

He paused with his cigarette half rolled.

"Colonel," he said, "I would like nothing better than to settle in this magnificent country, and to live there unafraid and unmolested. But I have no funds."

"That's just it. Neither have we. We're about to get them. Down there in New Rochelle, there's a bank with \$15,000 in its vaults. That money ought to be put into circulation. With us on it?"

The tobacco dropped from the paper. The tobacco dropped from the paper. Forter looked up quickly and searched my face. He saw that I was in earnest. He was not with us, but not for a fortune would be wound us or even permit me to think that he judged us. "Colonel," this time his large eyes winkled. It was seldom that he smiled. I never heard him laugh but twice. "Id like a share in this range. But tell me, would I have to shoot anybody."

"Oh. perhaps so, but most likely not."
"Well, give me the gun. If I go on the job, I want to act like an expert. I'll practice shooting."

No outlaw would ever ask another for his forty-five. The greatest compliment a cowpuncher can give the man he trusts is to hand over his six-shooter for inspection.

Porter took the honor lightly. He handed the gun as though it were a live to

handed the gun as though it were a liv

accorpion. I forgot to warn him that I bad removed the trigger and the gun would not stay cocked. By this device I could shoot faster at close range, gaining a speed almost equal to the modern drop action guns. Watching Bad as Gunning.

Like all amateurs, Bill put his thumb on the hammer and pulled it back. Then he started walking back and forth with the forty-five in his hand and his hand dropped to his side. Without intending to, he shifted his grip, releasing his thumb from the hammer.

grip, releasing his thumb from the hammer.

There was a sudden, sharp explosion, a little geyser of earth spouted upward. When it cleared there was a hole as big as a cow's head scooped in the ground. My forty-five lay in the depression. Porter, scared but unhurt, stood staring over it.

"Colonel." he looked up at me a little abashed, a little amused. "I think I would be a hindrance on this financial undertaking."

I wanted Porter to go with us. We didn't need him, but I had already grown very fond of the moody, reticent, cultured fellow. I didn't want him to be dependent on us and I wanted his company on the range.

"Well, you needn't take the gun. You just stay outside and hold the horses. We really need you for that."

He hesitated a moment.

"I don't believe I could even hold the horses," he answered.

Troubled and fearful lest we should never return, he hade us goodbye, I did not know until the deal was closed and the ranch ours, the days of worry and nilsery that Bill Porter suffered while Frank and I went down to New Rochelle to take up the matter with the bank.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.
We left Porter, harried with anxiety, at the Hotel Plaza in San Antonio.
Frank and I and the rancher rode into New Rochelle. rank and I and simple. The cowman our plan was simple. The cowman cas to attract the attention of the parshap while we cleaned out the

Our plan was simple. The cowman was to attract the attention of the marshap while we cleaned out the bank's vault.

The bank stood on a corner opposite the public square. The cowman went quietly to a bench to wait for the signal from me. I pulled out my hand-kerchief and began mupping my face. He opened fire, shooting like a lumatic into the air. Men and women ran into saloons, stores, houses. The officials hurried over to the crazy cowman. Frank and I walked into the bank stuck up the cashler and compelled the delivery of \$15.560 in currency. The rancher, charged with drunkenness, was arrested, fined and released. Frank and I left the bank as quietly as the next door merchant might have. The ruse worked.

Porter Surprised at Speed.

money in the RIGHT PROPORTION between what you EARN and what you

There is a TRICK as old as the hills of offering WELL-KNOWN brands at low prices AS BAIT-of putting the BEST FOOT foremost, and keeping the foot with the KICK IN IT well out of sight, but it is A TRICK-it offers no REAL BENE-

"THEY WHO LEAD"

(An Advertorial by J. M. Fly.)

possible, and in consequence reaps a just reward.

there must be MERIT and-leadership.

ORDERS.

ANCE OF WASTE.

SPEND.

the LEADER STILL REMAINS—always in the LEAD!

In every field of human endeavor there is a LEADER—one who is FIRST—one who, having observed an EXACT NEED, supplies it in the most PRACTICAL WAY

A leader will always have FOLLOWERS—those who, lacking initiative, SEEK

For seventeen years the Bowers Stores have been THE TARGET for the attacks of the envious-those who have JEERED at the possibility of successfully selling groceries FOR CASH at cash prices, and those who said a SATISFACTORY volume could NOT BE SECURED without a so-called free delivery system of ALL

But the Bowers Stores GREW-grew from one LITTLE STORE, whose first

We have always considered credit a CARDINAL SIN, and the free delivery of

Today the Bowers Stores and the whole world is DISTURBED over the vital question of the present COST OF LIVING -people are CLAMORING for relief -increased EARNINGS apparently only serve to send prices FURTHER UPWARD.

One of the main contributing CAUSES of high prices is EXTRAVAGANCE in the matter of RECKLESS BUYING at high prices, and a conspicuous GENERAL DEMAND for those things formerly regarded as LUXURIES, regardless of price.

And since high prices are here, the QUICKEST REMEDY and the most EF-

To practice Thrift is NOT ENTIRELY a matter of price comparisons, but rather a matter involving a KNOWLEDGE OF THE GOODS you buy, and the AVOID-

To practice THRIFT is to buy for cash at CASH PRICES—to buy SYSTEM-ATICALLY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED WHEN YOU NEED IT and to spend your

FECTIVE RELIEF is to practice THRIFT-real Thrift and not IMAGINARY

economy and to apply the remedy AT HOME individually as well as collectively.

day's sales totaled EIGHT CENTS to forty-four busy stores, whose average daily sales total around EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS, and where there is GROWTH

small purchases a WASTE of time and money, but we have NEVER LOST SIGHT of the fact that though we operate on a BIG SCALE SYSTEMATICALLY there

must be a PERSONAL SPIRIT OF ACCOMMODATION about any business if

the PLEASING of many customers is to be regarded a FIRST CONSIDERATION—

therefore, WITHOUT extra charge we deliver \$5.00 orders and over.

TO accomplish the same results through slightly modified or changed methods, but

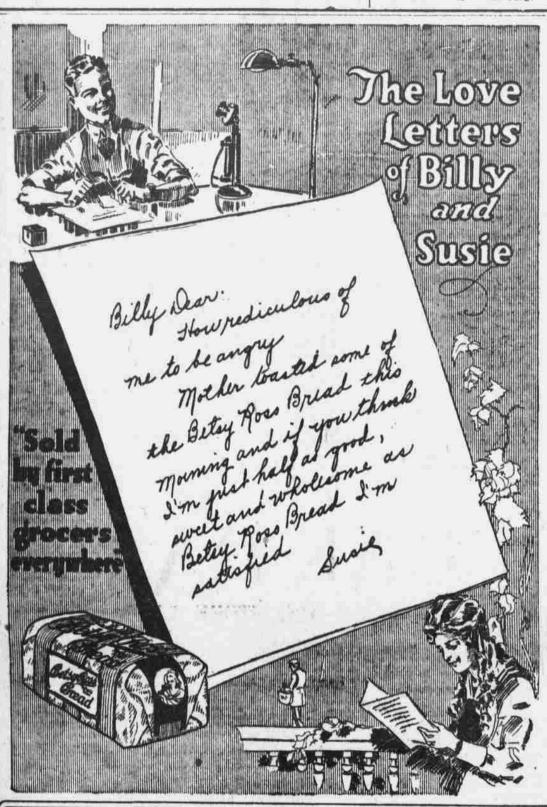
The original policies and principles of the Bowers Stores were RIGHT to begin with, and have NEVER BEEN CHANGED. That they are actually operating today on a LESS PERCENTAGE OF PROFIT THAN EVER BEFORE they are prepared to PROVE—they NEVER HAVE and NEVER WILL BE PROFITEERS

When the high cost of living and a MEANS of reducing your living expenses APPEALS TO YOU and prompts ACTION, remember the fight the Bowers Stores have ALWAYS MADE to keep grocery prices DOWN.

Remember, too, that they ARE THE LEADERS—that in times of STRESS the public looks TO THEM for LEADERSHIP-and if you are in doubt as to their ABILITY to save you MONEY without sacrifice of QUALITY imagine what EVERY PERSON in Memphis would be paying NOW for groceries if THERE WERE NO BOWERS STORES!

Leadership has its PENALTIES, but the sunlight TODAY is the SAME SUN-LIGHT it was FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO—it has SUBSTITUTES, but NO EQUALS.

A leader always LEADS—the followers always FOLLOW—THEY WHO LEAD!



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-Armstrongs

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There are no cracks or crevices where dirt and germs can collect.

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Also the Leonard keeps food fresher and longer on less ice. These are features which should be considered when buying

Likewise the Leonard is less expensive than other HIGH-GRADE Refrigerators.

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Let us have the pleasure of demonstrating the many exclusive and superior features of this wonderful refrigerator.

Armstrong Furniture Company

59-61 N. Main St.

a new refrigerator.

Memphis.

shield for an unhappy love affair, orter's troubles, I know, must be eper than I had suspected. "Good-bye colonel; may we meet apply again," he said.
And the next time I saw him, nearly hree years later, the very word "hap-by" was stricken from his vocabulary.
It Porter was a changed and broken

Trapped Six Months Later. Frank and I went out to our ranch? for six months we lived in free and refitable industry. Suddenly an old. milliar face peered at our window For six months we lived in free and rofitable industry. Sudenly an old. miliar face peered at our window man, a handit friend, had tracked our baunt. Other faces appeared at the tange and dodged again. The marshals had trapped 1s.

Frank Zona and I escaped. For weeks we rode from range to range, Hunger spurred us. There were more robberies, and then there was the Rock Island daylight holdup. We had counted on a clean haul of \$30,000 from the express car. Our dynamite failed to break the safe. We were cheated on the transaction.

It was aur most futile venture. It led to our manture. The stickup was counted to a break the safe. We were cheated on the transaction.

It was aur most futile venture. It led to our manture. The stickup was counted to hards patrolled the country for the "Jennings gang." In December, 1887, they caught us.

We had gone back to the old Spike 5, the range where I had first met and toined the outlaws, the range where he M. K. and T. robbery was planned. We were waiting the arrival of "Little let."

Rancher on Visit as Spy.

Rancher on Visit as Spy.

There came a speck at the door. The wind was howling like a fiend outside. Mrs. Harliss went to the porch. A man, covered with dirt, his eyes swollen almost shut his coat dripping with rain, asked shelter. He was a ranchman who lived some miles away. That night he came as a spy. We were his quarry.

All of us felt the "closing of the trap." We had nothing but our suspictions to work on. The rancher was a friend of the Harliss folk. We could not hold him. But none of us went to bed that night.

The sun came blasms out brilliant but cold the next morning. Mrs. Harliss

The sun came blasms out brilliant but cold the next morning. Mrs. Harliss went down to the distern for water. She

ame rushing back, her shawl gone, her hair blowing in the wind.
"The marshals are here: We'll all be killed!"
Frank and Bud hurled themselves downstairs. Winchesters in their hands, Mrs. Harliss grabbed her little brother in her arms and ran to the front door. I started out through the kitchen window. The fight was on.

Fortress Shattered.

Bullets fore the knot off the front door. The first volley splintered glass in my face. We got to a little boxhouse just outside the ranch home. There were three rooms downstairs, one up. The shots went through the house as though it were cardboard.

Bullets broke the dishes on the table smashed the stove, dashed the pictures off the wall. Three of us were hit. We were surrounded on three sides. Marshals were in the barn to the north-east, the log house to the north and the rocks and timber to the northwest, a little peach orchard skirted the south. Bevond that was even prairie.

We fought for 40 minutes until our rickety fortress was all but shattered. Then we hit for the prairie, firing as we ran. They didn't dare to track us into the open spaces.

Rush for Last Stand on Hill.

Rush for Last Stand on Hill Just across the Duck Creek we stopped to bind our wounds. I was shot above the knee, the bullet lodging in the bone. Bud was shot in the shoulder and Bill had a gash that looked like a dog bite in his thigh. Frank's clothes had 37 holes in the coat. He was not even scratched.

Up in the mountains we prepared for a "last stand." We hid all day. It was blue cold. Between the three of us we had two apples. That was our fare for three days. The marshals didn't follow.

fare for three days. The marshals didn't follow.

We recrossed the creek, took a couple of Indians and their pony team prisoners and made for the Canadian river bed. My wound swelled. I had to rivit open twice with my penknife to get relief. We made straight for Benny Price's house. He had been a friend of ours before the outlaw days. He took us in and gave us a good meal We could not stay without menacing his welfare.

There was another friend there, a horsethief named Baker. He came down and gave us a wagon. Frank did not

(To Be Continued.)

well-known firm here, desires to form a connection with some good wholesale or manufacturing business as sales or office

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factory basis.

For further particulars call either Mr. Lake or Mr. Dunham, of the Lake & Dunham Advertising Agency, Main 143

trust him. He would not go. Bud, Bill and I get into the covered wagon Baker was to drive us to his house. Bill seemed to be dying with his wounds. Bud and I were both unconscious. I woke up suddenly. Someone was sitting on the driver's seat. Capture, Trial and Sentence.

Capture, Trial and Sentence.

Ano is it?" I asked.

"Ne. damn it!" Frank answered.
"Let's get out of this."

While we were unconscious. Baker sent word to Frank that I wanted him. He had come. Baker drove us into the timber, into the trap, and left us vowing we were on the right road. A felled tree lay athwart the path. Bill was dying. Bud and I, but half conscious, were doxing in the bottom of the wagon. Frank had scrambled out to move the tree.

The guerdon of marshals, six-shooters cocked, sprang about us.

"Jennings, surrender, or we'll shoot down the team!"

About 10 to one, they had us.

It took nearly two years before sentence was passed. I was given five years of a charge of assault with intent to kill a deputy. In another district I was found guilty of the Rock Island holdup and given life imprisonment. I was sent to the Ohio pentient that.

mystery of fate had brought me

A DISCOVERY THAT BENEFITS MANKIN

to human welfare. In 1835 Newton originated the vacnum process for condensing milk with cane sugar to a semi-liquid form.

In 1883 Horlick at Racine, Wis., dis covered how to reduce milk to a dr powder form with extract of malted grains, without cane sugar.

This product HORLICK named Malted Milk. (Name since copied by others.) Its nutritive value, digestibility and ease of preparation (by simply stirring in water) and the fact that it keeps in any climate, has proved of much value to manking as an ideal food-drink from infance

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